

THE NEW RELIGION.

On the recent occasion of a Salvation Army demonstration at the Crystal Palace the statutory was to be covered up by special arrangement between General Booth and the Palace authorities:—

The sculptor sat in blank despair,
Too broken up to stand,
And silently he tore his hair
With nervous brawny hand;
His bitter tears he tried to gulp,
Reflection's cud he chewed—
"Alas!" he cried, "I dare not sculpt
A study from the nude.

"O give me back the honest time
When men had souls for Art,
And didn't deem a nymph sublime
No better than a 'tart';
The ancients saw in woman's form
No cause for giggles lewd,
Nor shyly whispered, 'Ain't it warm,
This study from the nude!"

"For then no Harny, singing hymns,
Were shocked at marble breast,
Or called a pair of plaster limbs
Indecent, if undress'd;
No morbid saints in colored specs.,
With dirty minds ended,
Saw aught of shame to either sex
In studies from the nude.

"The difference 'twixt now and then,
How wonderfully strange!
Yet only in the ways of men,
For Nature doesn't change;
The leg that is has ever been,
And Greeks and Romans 'rude'
Could gaze without a thought obscene
On studies from the nude.

"But Art no more is pure and free
From taint of moral guilt;
Henceforth I must, ah, woe is me!
Put Ajax in a kilt—
Great Hercules shall trousseurs wear
Just like a modern dude,
And Venus I will never dare
To represent as nude.

"O give us back the good old time
When Pagans ruled, forsooth,
Who held it not a carnal crime
To deal in naked truth,
When Virtue healthy was and strong,
Nor yet a sickly prude,
And righteous folks found nothing wrong
In studies from the nude."

PHUNNY ECHOES.

A sea captain is a good deal of a vagabond when he beats his way up a harbor.

In the New York Herald a reviewer of Miss Grigg's (of the Edinburgh cookery school) new book says that it "will contain several recipes for cooking the haggis and other game birds of Scotland."

Mamma—Ethel get up, my dear. Don't you know it's naughty to play that way? Mr. Smith's little girl wouldn't play so. She is a good little girl.
Ethel (quickly)—Well, mamma, Bessie Smith ought to be a better girl than I am. Her papa's a minister, and my papa's only a deacon.

A little French boy, on returning from school, brought home a copy book blotted with ink. You untidy boy, said his mother, to spoil your nice copy book in that way! You shall be punished for this. Well, mamma, was the reply, it wasn't my fault, really; there's a negro boy sits next to me in class, and his nose bled as he was looking over my page."

He had a very rubicund face, suggestive of a dissipated life. As he was walking up the street, a gentleman remarked: That fellow is so highly colored that he reminds me of a chromo. He reminds me more of an engraving than a chromo," remarked a bystander. How so? Well, you see, an engraving always has a glass in front of it, and a chromo hasn't.

Ah, said an impetuous fellow to a gentleman he hadn't seen for some time, ah, Mr. Brown, how d'ye do? I'm glad to see you. Let me see, I haven't met you for several years. No, it has been five years. Indeed so long as that? Why, you haven't changed a bit. Oh, yes I have. How? I don't notice it. Well, the last time I saw you I loaned you ten dollars, which is still out. Now, strike me for another, and you'll find I ain't half the punkinhead I used to be. I'm a changed man, I know I am. Good day.

At one of their recent meetings, the members of the Browning Society found themselves, it is said, in great straits. A certain passage puzzled them; but in the end they confessed, one and all, that they could make neither head nor tail of it. One, bolder than the rest, went straight to the poet, and craved his assistance. Mr. Browning assumed a practical air, and read the passage. He assumed a troubled air, and read it twice. He assumed an indignant air, and read it three times. He assumed a hopeless air, and returned the book to his visitor, saying that, if the society were ever able to make anything out of that passage, he would be glad to know the result.

It Was Hereditary.

Judge—Samuel Jones, you are charged with robbing Widow Green's chicken roost. What have you to say to the charge?
Samuel—Not guilty, Judge, to my knowledge.

Explain yourself.
Judge, if I took dem chickens I did it unconsciously. It am hereditary, Judge; I walks in my sleep.

The Dakota Man,

Oriental exaggeration can take a back seat. Going West it encountered its brother of the Occident thus:—

Yes, sir, resumed the Dakota man, as the crowd of agriculturists seated themselves around a little table, yes, sir, we do things on rather a sizable scale. I've seen a man on one of our big farms start out in the Spring and plow a straight furrow until Fall. Then he turned round and harvested back. We have some big farms up there, gentlemen. A friend of mine owned one on which he had to give a mortgage, and the mortgage was due on one end before they could get it recorded at the other. You see it was laid off in counties. There was a n rrmur of astonishment and the Dakota man continued:
I got a letter from a man who lives in

my orchard, just before I left home, and it had been three weeks getting to the dwelling house, although it had travelled day and night.

"Distances are pretty wide up there, ain't they?" inquired one.

Reasonably, reasonably, replied the Dakota man, "And the worst of it is, it breaks up families so. Two years ago I saw a whole family prostrated with grief. Women yelling, children howling and dogs barking. One of my men had his camp truck packed on seven four mule teams, and he was around bidding everybody good-by.

Where was he going? asked a Gravesend man.

He was going half way across the farm to feed the pigs, coolly replied the Dakota man.

Did he ever get back to his family?
It isn't time for him yet, returned the Dakota gentleman. Up there we send young married couples to milk the cows, and their children bring home the milk.

Going to the Same Party.

Here boy, blacken my boots, and I want you to shine 'em clear to the tops. I'm going to a party to-night, and I want to look first class.

Thus did an elaborately gotten-up dude address the brush boy in an up-town barber shop, the other evening; and as the boy did not at once jump to do his bidding, the dude continued:

Here this way, I say. I'm going to a party at the Crawford House to-night.

The boy planted himself and his box before the anxious customer, and was hard at work shining up the toothpick-toed brogans when the dude again intormed the boy that he was going to a party at the Crawford House this evening, and wanted his boots polished clean to the tops.

All right, I'll see you there; I'm going to the same party, said the boy as he brushed away. The dude had no more to say.

A Remarkable Admission.

Were you acquainted with the murdered man? asked the prosecuting attorney of a colored witness for the defence in a murder case—the willingness of the witness to say all that he could in behalf of the prisoner was very apparent.

I know'd him; he was the honestest, best—

Never mind about his honesty. You say you know him?

Yes, sah; and I've proud ter say I nebber know'd such a noble—

Nobody asked you about that. What was the condition of his health? Was he not in robust health?

No, sah; he was the feeblest niggah I ebber seed.

He was killed by the accused, was he not?

I can't say so, sah.

What is your reason?

My idee am dat he was in sich bad health dat, eben if he hadn't been killed when he was, he would hab died anyhow at least two days previous, sah!

How An Attorney Was Sold.

"Do you know Attorney Von Buren?" asked one legal light of another the other evening, within the hearing of a Chicago Mail reporter. "Yes," "Well, Van got it worked on him pretty nicely the other day. He's pretty smooth, you know; don't trust anybody unless he knows 'em, and watches them even if he does."

"Well, Van came out of the county building yesterday about five o'clock and started down the street. A little rat of a newsboy ran across, held out a paper, and vociferated: 'Paper, sir? evening paper, five o'clock edition, all about the world's fair,' as he ran along beside the attorney.

"Van took a paper, dove down into his trousers for a penny; couldn't find one and handed the boy a dime.

"I ain't got no change, mister. You just wait here and I'll get it for you in a second," said the kid, and started off.

"Here you," yelled Van. "Come here. If your going after the change you just give me your papers till you come back. I am onto your curves, my lad. You can't do me."

"The kid grinned, vowed innocence of any intention to defraud, and instantly looked over the bundle of papers.

"All right, sir; you jest hold 'em till I come back," he said, and skipped across the street.

"Van read his paper, absently holding the others under his arm, for about ten minutes. Then he looked around for the boy, but he hadn't returned. It gradually dawned on Van's mind that possibly the boy wasn't coming back, and he at once began investigating his securities. There were only eight papers in the lot besides the one he was reading. Van cast the eight wrathfully into the gutter, and walked away with a muttered expression which didn't reflect much credit on a lawyer who allowed himself to be done up so beautifully and perfectly by a gamin of the streets, even while he was taking unusual precautions to avoid that very end. They say Van is a perfect terror about the sufficiency of bonds in his practice since the event occurred."

THE MAN OF NAZARETH.

In a sermon preached at Richmond Chapel, Breck Road, London, the other evening, the Rev. J. H. Atkinson told a characteristic story of Ben Tillett. Mr. Tillett was speaking in Victoria Park to an immense crowd of workmen, many of them Socialists, and he began to tell his audience of the Man of Nazareth. He told them what the Man of Nazareth said when he was upon the earth; he told them what he believed the Man of Nazareth did when He was upon the earth; he told them what he believed the Man of Nazareth would say and do now to working men and dock laborers if He were visably in their midst. He waxed warm on the subject, he grew more and more earnest and eloquent as he told them of the righteousness and sympathy and unselfishness and kindness and love of the Man of Nazareth. At last one of the Socialists cried out, "Let us give three cheers for the Man of Nazareth. He is the best Man of whom we have ever heard." And immediately thousands of hats and caps were uplifted, and thousands of voices joined in ringing cheers for the "Man of Nazareth."

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS

To remove spots from white ivory knife handles, rub well with very fine emery.

Dresses for home wear are a trifle long, some even being shown with a demi-train.

Skirts are worn less gored than ever, and this is due to the absence, or nearly so, of the bustle.

Never hang wet flannels in the sun. They should be dried in the air and shade to keep them white.

A prompt remedy for cold in the head is: Sulph. quinine twenty-four grains, cayenne pepper five grains. Make twelve pills, and take one every three hours.

A small clean potato, with the end cut off, is a very convenient medium for applying brickdust to knives, keeping it about the right moisture, while the juice of the potato assists in removing stains from the surface.

Nothing is more obnoxious in the sick-room than gossiping friends, and nothing more productive of harm to the patient. They should be excluded from the sick-room altogether, as their presence is unwelcome to every sufferer; and besides being unwelcome, is positively injurious.

The veil is now the object of fancy manufacture. But it is not now considered good form to wear a veil over the face except in the open air. The light Russian net makes a pretty covering for the face, and it is easy to see through. Spots, or any design, are decidedly out of vogue. The veil, too, is worn as close to the head as possible, and is never tied under the chin, or in a bow on the hat.

Parisians are now wearing a number of ornamental pins as well as ornamental headings to combs. The idea of gold balls united by chains has been taken from the peasantry, and some made in real gold are incrustated with pearls and real gems. Tortoise-shell pins are set with diamonds and turquoise are most fashionable. Prawns, shrimps and beetles in enamel form the head to pins of various kinds

NEAR-SIGHTEDNESS.—Persons living in cities begin to wear glasses earlier than country people do, from the want of opportunities of looking at things at a distance. Those who wish to put off the evil day of spectacles should accustom themselves to long views. The eye is always relieved and sees better if, after reading a while, we direct the sight to some far-distant object, even for a minute. Great travellers and hunters are seldom near sighted. Sailors discern objects at a great distance with considerable distinctness when a common eye sees nothing at all.

THE PALID COMPLEXION.—The muddied complexion may be the natural one of the skin, but it frequently accompanies dyspeptic ailments, and is directly dependent on depressed nervous power, and marked in the dark depression underneath the eyes. Sleep is the best restorer of the exhaustion of nervous languid circulation of blood; it is most strongly power indicated by this condition of complexion; but if rest is impossible, it is one of these cases in which stimulant, hot tea or coffee first, and then alcoholic stimulant, is perfectly requisite. The pallid complexion is often the result of too close confinement to the house, and especially of deficient exposure to diffused daylight; it is well marked in miners.

TEA CAKES.—1 lb. flour, 1 oz. yeast, 3 oz. sugar, 2 oz. butter, 1 teaspoonful salt, 1 gill milk, 1 gill water. Warm a basin slightly, and place in it the flour. Boil the water and add to it the milk and butter, and stir altogether till the butter has melted. Place in a small basin the yeast, and add to it the milk, butter and water. Stir all together and pour it into the centre of the dry flour. Sprinkle over the salt and sugar, and allow all to stand in a warm place for two hours. Knead it all well together, till the mixture leaves the sides of the basin dry. Turn it out on the board and knead it again. Cut it into twelve pieces, roll each piece out round and place them on a well-floured tin for ten minutes. If the weather is cold the tin ought to be placed over boiling water for ten minutes. Place the tin in a very hot oven and bake the cakes for ten minutes.

CHILDREN'S AUTUMN FASHIONS.—Among the leading novelties for young girls in their teens are the pretty corselet bodices, and which promise to be much favored, as they are so pretty in velvet or vejeveteen, which will be much worn. The corselet bodices comprise the narrow Swiss belt arrangement worn with a full blouse, also a deeper belt or corselet, edged top and bottom with narrow galon. There is also a pretty style which opens a little down the centre as if a trifle too small, and this design when laced over a full front is very pretty. Mostly are the skirts to these dresses plain, or nearly so, the favorite style being the round gathered model, which has its greater fulness to the sides and back, while the inferior edge is finished with braid, velvet bands, or merely machine stitching. Another style is arranged in two pleats to fall toward each other on either side, thus giving the effect of three box-pleats or panels in front.

VALUE OF FRESH VEGETABLES.—Dr. Glover writes: "With regard to the dietetic importance of fresh vegetables, I will only repeat that their omission is attended with a fearful deterioration of the blood, and that their diminution below a certain point results in a train of evils which are apt to be ascribed to other causes. A scanty supply of vegetables, and of the saline matters which they convey, may not, perhaps, produce actual disease as an immediate and very obvious consequence, and yet by undermining the general health, the approach of the enemy may be rendered fatally easy, and his final victory certain. There are other forms of malnutrition manifested by the pallidity, decaying teeth, foul breath, and arrested development common among town populations, and probably due in a great measure to the partial absence of principles supplied by succulent vegetables in a fresh condition.

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